

THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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A Hymn

To Jesus in His Passion.

My Jesus! say, what wretch has dared Thy sacred hands to bind?

And who has dared to buffet so Thy face so meek and kind?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, yet, Jesus, pity take!

O, spare and pardon me, my Lord, for Thy sweet mercy's sake!

My Jesus! who with spittle vile profaned Thy face divine?

What ruthless scourge has made to flow that precious blood of Thine?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, yet, Jesus, pity take!

O, spare and pardon me, my Lord, for Thy sweet mercy's sake!

My Jesus! whose the hand that wove that cruel, thorny crown?

Who made that hard and heavy cross that weighs Thy shoulders down?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, yet, Jesus, pity take!

O, spare and pardon me, my Lord, for Thy sweet mercy's sake!

My Jesus! who has mocked Thy thirst with vinegar and gall?

Who held the nails that pierced Thy hands and made the hammer fall?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, yet, Jesus, pity take!

O, spare and pardon me, my Lord, for Thy sweet mercy's sake!

My Jesus! say, who dared to nail those tender feet of Thine?

And whose the arm that raised the lance to pierce that heart divine?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been, yet, Jesus, pity take!

O, spare and pardon me, my Lord, for Thy sweet mercy's sake!

And Mary! who has murdered thus thy loved and only One?

Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand that robbed thee of thy Son?

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been to Jesus and to thee;

Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake and pray to Him for me.

—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

SOME CAUSES OF THE LOSS OF THE FAITH

The gift of the true faith is the greatest blessing of God in this life, for, says St. Paul, "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Hebr. 11, 6); in other words, faith is necessary to salvation. The true faith is a treasure so great that we should, in order to preserve it, be ready to make every sacrifice, even that of our very life, as the martyrs did. Nevertheless, there have been in every age, and especially in ours, quite a number of Catholics who have strayed away from their faith and even lost it entirely. Let us examine some of the causes that lead to the loss of the faith.

1. Pride is one of the causes of the loss of the faith. There are several kinds of pride. One kind is the pride of wealth, of a high-standing position in society, of worldly fashion. Those who are possessed by this kind of pride consider that the Catholic Church does not harmonize with the demands of the circle they move in, for her churches and schools are filled chiefly with the poor and the rude, with hard-working men and women, and not with the rich, the genteel, the fashionable. They are eager and anxious to belong to "the upper-class" in all things, even in religion; and, therefore, they prefer to flock to some genteel and fashionable heretical church, from which the poor, the laboring class are practically excluded. Some of them join a "select" club, or even a forbidden secret society, and would feel greatly humbled and disgraced, were they seen kneeling among the poor and the hard-working men and women in a Catholic Church.

Others are victims of the pride of the intellect. These Catholics, whose knowledge of their holy religion is very superficial, think wonders of themselves and of their learning, although they possess but a smattering of mathematics, physics, geology, astronomy, chemistry, medicine, law, literature and politics, and are wholly ignorant of logic, the science of right reasoning, and yet they deem themselves equal to the discussion and solution of the deepest and most intricate questions in philosophy and theology. How truly do these shallow and arrogant sciolists verify the saying of St. Paul: "Science puffeth up" (1 Cor. 8, 1). One of these, an obscure physician, would no longer believe in the existence of the human soul, for, he said, "I have dissected many a corpse, but I never found a soul in any of them"! And that silly physician was not aware of his stupidity in looking for the soul in a

lifeless corpse, and he, therefore, gave up his holy faith for infidelity, as so many others had done before him! Such persons throw overboard their reason, their common sense, before losing their faith. Their pride, their arrogance is so great, that they would feel themselves degraded were they to submit their *transcendent reason* to any authority, human or divine, or to believe what they cannot understand, were it revealed even by the all-knowing God Himself! They consider themselves self-sufficient and not in need of either God or His Church!

Some Catholics lose their faith on account of their covetousness. They are above all anxious to get rich at any price. They have no use for a faith, for a religion that does not confer or lead to wealth. The great argument which, in the sixteenth century, caused so many among the petty sovereigns, the nobles and others to join the ranks of Luther and other pretended Reformers, was the wish to have a share in the spoils of the Catholic Church and her religious orders. In our own times not a few Catholics give up their faith to obtain a lucrative office, to contract a rich marriage, to further their temporal interests by joining a secret society, a fashionable church or an anti-Catholic club or association!

Human respect causes many Catholics to give up the practice of their faith; and the neglect of practising their faith leads them gradually to become practically unbelievers. Every man naturally likes to be well thought of by his fellow-men, especially by his associates, and, therefore, endeavors to please them. Wherefore he feels inclined to make himself agreeable to them, by speaking and acting like them. If his associates are good and virtuous, he endeavors to be like them, or at least to *appear* good and virtuous. But he who associates with the wicked, with the irreligious, fears to displease them, and does not wish them to consider and ridicule him as singular and "priest-ridden". He therefore soon begins to speak and act as they speak and act, and will gradually give up the practice of virtue and of his faith. Thus whilst he intends to escape their sneers, he is almost imperceptibly led to violate his most sacred obligations, and in return for his mean, cowardly and sinful subserviency, he becomes the victim of human respect and the ignoble slave of the worthless opinions and base caprice of evil-doers! In this manner a man gradually becomes a drunkard, a gambler, a thief, an adulterer, a member of a secret society, an unbeliever, a scoffer of religion. How foolish, how degrading thus to become the

cringing slave of human respect, in order to secure or retain the goodwill of profligate associates! And does the victim of human respect actually attain his object? Do his evil companions really esteem, respect, and trust him? No, far from it; in their hearts they despise him as unprincipled, mean, and cowardly! How does a true Catholic act, when he is compelled by unavoidable circumstances to work, to associate with such companions? He shows his manliness, his moral courage in standing by his faith and its obligations in spite of their sneers, of their constant persecutions! And what is the result? He is true to his faith, to his duty, and even if his companions scoff at him for this, nevertheless, in their consciences, in their hearts, they cannot withhold their respect, their esteem and even their very confidence from one who is manly and courageous enough to disregard their sneers and scoffing, and remain true to his God, to his holy faith! In fact, they cannot help admiring the noble courage which they are unable, unwilling to imitate!

The ruling passion causes a number of Catholics to lose their faith, as we shall now see. In some the ruling passion is hatred. They have not only a dislike, but even a real hatred of some one, on account of a real or imaginary injury, and they will not forgive the offender; they refuse to make any effort to overcome their hatred. They, therefore, at first omit going to confession, because they know they are unworthy of absolution. Later on they fail going to hear Mass, to hear the word of God; gradually they grow hardened and give up all prayer, to get rid of their remorse, and finally abandon or lose their faith.

Another Catholic has enriched himself by dishonest means; he has perhaps ruined his rivals in business, or increased his means by taking advantage of hard times to pay insufficient wages to his poor workmen, or grown rich by graft in a public office. He will not go to confession, because he knows he cannot be absolved from his sins of injustice, unless he makes restitution. His downward course in the faith naturally leads him to the same result as that of the vindictive.

Another Catholic has become a drunkard; he has lost all moral power through drink; and he will not discharge his duties as a Catholic; in fact, he has not the strength to do so, for he will not make use of his only chances of salvation, the giving up of the occasion of his sin, going to confession as frequently as necessary to enable him to reform. Hence he gradually neglects all the duties required of him by

his holy faith, and practically belongs to the class of men that have no religion.

One of the greatest, if not the very greatest cause of the loss of faith, is the vice of impurity. The impure man prefers the gratification of his animal passions to the law of God. To indulge these passions he tramples on the dictates of his reason, on virtue, on duty, destroys his health and even forfeits his good name and the respect of his fellow-men. His conduct resembles more that of an irrational being than that of one possessed of reason and free-will. As far as in him lies, he destroys the image of God in his soul. His intellect, his perception of things spiritual and heavenly, are weakened in proportion to the indulgence of his beastly cravings. The nearer he stoops to the brute, the more lowly and debased his views and aspirations. The impure Catholic at first experiences remorse for his shameful sin and dreads the eternal punishment it deserves. If he, nevertheless, persists in gratifying his impure passions, they daily wax stronger and more exacting, whilst his will thereby becomes proportionately weaker. To quiet the remorse following his sin, he has recourse to the false maxim that "God is too good to punish eternally a momentary sin, a mere weakness, a simply natural act"! Beginning thus to waver in his faith and constantly urged on by the low passion which has enslaved him and blinded his noblest faculty, he soon rejects not only the eternity of hell, but also its very existence and the authority of the Church teaching this truth, and all this to palliate and justify and continue his career of lust, until he has lost all faith, and becomes too sensual, too beastly to appreciate anything above the gratification of his low passion; he at last becomes too carnal to appreciate what is above the indulgence of his impure passion, as St. Paul declares: "The sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the Spirit of God, for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand" (1 Cor. 2, 14). Such a one at last becomes an unbeliever and even a scoffer of religion! Strange it may seem, yet it is perfectly true and confirmed by experience; a pure Catholic young man, a pure Catholic young woman, as a rule, never loses the Catholic faith! What a strong argument is not this in favor of the truth of the Catholic faith!

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

During the fighting at Arras, Sister Suzanne, a French Nun was struck and killed by a shell while attending the wounded.

FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF LIFE

I. ORNAMENTS AND WEAPONS.

Many people think that a "devotion" means a series of little external practices in which the sentimentality and piety of good souls mingle and manifest themselves. To them a "devotion" is a spiritual trinket for the adornment of devout persons, which, however, a good strong man can do without; without which a man might be saved even though not canonized. I do not know exactly how it is that people get to have such an idea of a devotion. Perhaps it is owing to the very same cause that makes us form wrong ideas about other things; namely, that we consider them only from a distance, take them on hearsay, without ever getting close to them, handling them. Whatever the cause, such ideas of devotion are fundamentally wrong. They are even dangerous; for they beget prejudices: they make us shrink from sermons, or listen to them with only half an ear, for fear of being coddled into loving such practices and resorting to them, for fear, in a word, of being caught by the allurements of a true "devotion".

I say, to think a "devotion" is a mere ornament of devout people is a fundamental error. Even if devotion were only that, it would still, indeed, be worth striving for. For I do not see why anyone, even young men who are averse to powders and perfumes—or brave, strong workingmen who have a horror for all finery, should think it mere spiritual foppery to wear spiritual gems and ornaments that glitter in the eyes of God and the Angels. No; adorn your souls with all the jewels of grace you can gather from the ever open diamond fields, our daily lives and daily trials; lay up all the gold you can drain from the constantly flowing streams of God's grace, the Sacraments and Holy Mass. That is not spiritual foppery: it is putting on the nobility of your heavenly descent; it is putting on the characteristics of God, showing you to be "lineal descendants" of the "Royal Blood" of the Divine Redeemer.

Even if it were but an ornament of the soul, then, you should not treat "devotion" scornfully. And yet, in that case, you might shut an eye if some blunt, unrefined, but sterling character whose life has run in prosaic ways, should look askance at such spiritual trinkets as not meant for his muscular soul. You might imagine him saying like Andreas Hofer, the Tirolese patriot, when presented with a beautiful

sword: "Give me my sabre; that will save Tirol; this can hang in the parlor".

But a devotion, if it be a true devotion, is not such an ornament, not a mere trinket to adorn the pious. It is a "household utensil" without which you cannot get along; it is a "weapon" without which you cannot well compete with your enemies. It is a plain, common, every-day, but indispensable means of salvation. You need it; you must have it; whether your hands are hardened with rough labor, or your fingers tired from pen or typewriter in some dusty office, or from the needle and sewing-machine, or from household chores at home. You have a work to do, and you need a tool to do it; you have a battle to fight, and you need a weapon.

2. THE SWORD OF ALPHONSUS.

It was customary for people in the days of St. Alphonsus to wear a sword. This was not a simple ornament. The open country roads of Italy were so infested at that time with banditti, that a sword was a matter of need for self-protection. Now the road that leads over life to heaven has been called since long, long generations, by that most experienced man, Job, "a warfare". I suppose you will not contest this assertion. St. Alphonsus too, thought it a continual battle, and naturally looked around for some means of defence. He was a practised man; he knew human nature. As priest and confessor, with an experience of sixty years, he knew well, on the one hand, the enemies of man's soul, their power and tactics, and on the other, the weaknesses in the fortress of the human heart; at the same time, he observed what means was most effective in beating off these enemies, and in reinforcing this fortress. And he girt himself with this weapon first of all; then tried to give it into the hands of every fellow-struggler whom he met on the way to heaven. That weapon was a plain, solid, genuine, true devotion to our Blessed Mother Mary. Our Lord uses another figure to characterize life, which brings out a different phase of it, when He calls it a work that we must perform for the Father of the Family, the tilling of the vineyard—or, when He compares us to stewards who have to render an account of the stewardship committed to our care. While Job's simile emphasizes the constant struggle we must wage against the enemies of our souls, our Lord's lays stress on the duty of practising the Christian virtues, and fulfilling our Christian duties. This is like doing "household work": it is so personal, so intimate. Here again Alphonsus could think of no better tool for the

performance of this work than devotion to Mary. This devotion is in his mind at once a weapon of defence and a "household utensil" for daily service.

It will be interesting, I think, to examine how St. Alphonsus used this ordinary tool and this weapon; where he found it, how he came to understand its value, and how he prized it. Then we will understand why he was so eager to make a present of this "household utensil" not only to every young married couple, but to every person he knew, from the old man on the verge of the grave, to the little child standing at the dawn of life's day.

How could Alphonsus ever have come to such an idea of the value of devotion to Mary? He, who as a lawyer in his younger days had proved himself a shrewd business man; who as founder of a Congregation of Religious Priests had shown himself a farseeing, practical organizer; who as preacher and confessor had always proved himself an enlightened guide of souls; who as Bishop of a difficult diocese had astonished all by his prudent zeal: such a man must surely have recognized that sentimentalism, spiritual frippery, cannot go far toward making men of fallen sinners, toward infusing the spirit of Christian Manhood into the souls of men. He was forever talking to hard working men; they were the ones he sought out: the most abandoned, the most neglected; the ones battling from morning to night for their living and getting to heaven just by means of this struggle. "Good heavens!" he thought, "what shall men do in the face of so many difficulties? If God meant us to get to heaven he must have given the tools into our hands; at least, he must have put them in a safe place, where they would be within easy reach of every man who is serious about his salvation. Now where could that be?"

St. Alphonsus was a learned theologian. In fact, he is one of those bright lights which Holy Church raises from the lowly chandelier whence they illumined their native surroundings, and places in a more favorable position that they may serve as a lamp to guide all the faithful. He is a Doctor of the Church, in other words. But there is a peculiar characteristic to be noted in regard to his learning and profound studies. He could not take his eyes off the workingman, all the while. He was always planning how he could help others to heaven. And so we find him bringing all the light of his learning to bear especially on the problem of salvation and the means and methods to achieve it.

Everybody knows, ever since our Lord said: "without me you can do nothing", that without grace salvation is impossible. Grace is the name we give to all the aids, of whatever kind, which God lends us for the attainment of eternal bliss. Here, then, was the point. St. Alphonsus set about examining this question of *grace* or divine aids: where to find them, how to make them our own, how to profit by them. And this was one of the results, put into two brief sentences: First, all graces come to man through our Blessed Mother; secondly, true devotion to her will surely bring them to us.

Are you surprised at this first proposition? All graces come to us through Mary? You may be; others said they were before you. In fact, some wrote books against St. Alphonsus on this point. Do you know who those men were? Did you ever hear their names? I am sure you did not. Because some of them were afraid to come out with their names, while the others simply fell into oblivion: a pretty good sign that Holy Church thought that Alphonsus was right and they were wrong. You must not think that there was anything new about this utterance of our Saint's. Far from it; he never thought of saying anything new on a question so serious; he was too prudently timid to attempt such a thing. All that he did contend, was that the Fathers of the Church had said it long ago, but that somehow, people had forgotten it, and priests no longer called their attention to it. And so this simple, plain, effective weapon of devotion to our Blessed Mother was allowed to lie idle and rust—to the great detriment of strugglers in the battle of life.

This was the foundation on which St. Alphonsus built: whatever surely brings me the graces necessary to reach heaven, that is a most effective means of salvation, one that I cannot well do without. Now all grace comes from God; He can give it to us as He wishes, being supreme Master of it. But He has determined to give us *all* His bounties through the hands of our and His blessed Mother.

By His Passion and Death, Our Lord had merited our salvation. Every tiny act of His, from His first sigh in the strawy cradle of Bethlehem's stall, to His latest breath freely and lovingly sent forth amid the desolation of Good Friday, every act was, as it were, a precious gem, a gold coin, of infinite value for the redemption of men. All these our King laid up in the coffers of His heavenly kingdom, to be distributed in good time to you and me and every soul yet to see the light of day. He is the Lord of all these treasures; His love, the royal dispenser

of them. But He gives them through the hands of His Mother, through whom He Himself had come to us Christmas night. As she held out the Divine Infant to whom she pleased, to the rich men from the East as well as to the poor shepherds, and perhaps to the caress of the little shepherd children in the days of His sweet earthly childhood, so now, she, with those same hallowed hands, distributes to us the riches of Her glorious Child. And thus, while it is Our Lord who saves us, His grace, the strength of His Precious Blood in our souls that nerves us for the conflict and helps us to victory, it is all through Mary. She sees the eyes of the heavenly King resting wistfully on souls that go the way of sin to eternal ruin; and immediately her Mother's voice is raised in supplication: "My Child, they have no strength more; they have wasted their powers; they must lose the battle if You do not help them." And again as at Cana, those prayers are all powerful. Again as at Cana, the Mother turns to us saying: "Whatever He shall tell you, do ye". And again as at Cana, our poverty is relieved, our weakness made strong, our cowardice mantled with the courage of our Captain. All through Mary, our powerful intercessor.

This was St. Alphonsus' first principle. And is not the conclusion clear? Our Lord wishes us to have all our divine aids through Mary; from Mary we shall obtain them by true devotion. Devotion, then, to our Blessed Mother is one of the tools which God has given into your hands to work out your eternal bliss; and one of the safest, surest, most effective of tools. Not a mere ornament, a trinket, a bit of religious finery; but part of your "household utensils", a necessary piece of your equipment for the battle of life. AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

ANOTHER MENACE

The New York *Sun*, after giving the birth rate of the city according to nationalities, adds: "These figures show conclusively that parents of Catholic nationalities furnish the larger increment of population in this city. The difference is so large, the average being 45.50 among the Catholics to 14.05 among the Protestant nationalities, that it must prove of the utmost significance to the social and political economist, especially if the comparative infrequency of divorce among the former class be considered."

Another great daily, the *Oregonian*, says: "Protestants are every-

where, for some occult reason, producing fewer children year by year, while the members of the older Church keep up their primitive standards with very little change. . . . It would be very instructive to learn just what it is that prevents the Protestant peoples from multiplying. Some say it is their superior civilization. But a civilization which is bound to end in self-destruction can hardly deserve the adjective "superior". There is nothing really superior in sterility and decadence. Others say it is pure self-love which causes the Protestant nations to be relatively childless. The inhabitants have become so fanatically enamored of luxury and pleasure that childbearing is not tolerated. Its pain and inconvenience frighten the Protestant women from their obvious duty to the world, we are told. . . ."

Doctor Booth is even stronger in his expressions: "It is not in the least necessary for them (the Protestant Ministers) to cast about for evidence of Jesuit machinations wherewith to explain the decadence of Protestant churches. Let them rather look at the empty cradles in the homes of their own congregations."

From this we can judge how non-Catholics are given up to the crime of race suicide—a crime which hardens the heart and chokes out every aspiration after the supernatural. Since Catholic parents are obliged to mingle daily with persons who commit and defend this crime, consider how fiercely they must be tempted to do likewise, especially when they think of the many sufferings and privations a large family may bring them. Here indeed is a more dangerous menace to our Catholic people than all the anti-Catholic papers ever printed. In the face of these facts, we feel that the following article published sometime ago in a Seattle daily will prove as timely now as then. The vigorous arguments of the plain-spoken Missionary will be welcome to Catholic parents when made the butt of ridicule or pity for observing God's and Nature's laws in holy wedlock.—*Ed.*

To the Editor: Under the startling title, "Sociologist Calls Big Family Idea Immoral," the *Post-Intelligencer* of August 1, in its report of the Bainbridge Island Chautauqua meeting of the day previous, informed its readers that "Dr. Graham Taylor, founder of the famous Chicago Commons Social Settlement," in his discourse on "Marriage, Modesty, and the Home," had relieved himself of this amazing statement: "This idea about the indiscriminate size of families is positively immoral." From this we learn that Dr. Taylor clearly does not like

large families, and his antipathy to them is so pronounced that he does not hesitate to stigmatize them as positively immoral.

In the same article in the *Post-Intelligencer* we are informed that, among those present at Dr. Taylor's edifying, elevating, and enlightening discourse, were seven reverend ministers, whose names I am prepared to give.

Several days have now elapsed, and we have yet to learn that Dr. Taylor has repudiated the published report of his address, or that the ministers who were among his audience have voiced one word of condemnation, or even gentlest protest, against his horrible doctrine. There seems, then, to be no reason to doubt that Dr. Taylor has been correctly quoted, and that the clergymen who were present at that session fully indorse his statements.

O tempora! O mores! Has it come to this lamentable pass in our enlightened so-called Christian age and country that a minister of a Christian church will make bold to stand before a Christian audience in a Christian summer school, with a circle of Christian ministers in good standing surrounding him on the platform, and propound such diabolical, pagan doctrine unchallenged and unrebuked? Was there not one among his auditory, at least among the ministers, with courage enough in his heart and a sense of true Christian morality in his soul, to stand up boldly as the champion of true Christian truth and virtue and give the lie to Dr. Taylor's loathsome travesty on Christian morality?

Did Dr. Taylor realize when he spoke those words that he was a Christian minister addressing a Christian audience, or did he perhaps imagine himself a pagan priest of ancient Rome addressing the licentious votaries of apotheosized lust?

Shame on you, Dr. Taylor, for prostituting your ministerial vocation to the advocacy of such a false, hellish doctrine! And shame on you, ministers of Christian churches among his audience, who lacked the courage or the understanding of Christian morality to rebuke him to his face!

Let us for a moment consider Dr. Taylor's scandalous doctrine and draw it out to some of its logical conclusions. Big families, he says, are immoral. If so, then all parents who are responsible for large families are licentious criminals, a menace and scandal to society, and deserve to be jailed. But will Dr. Taylor kindly tell us when a family becomes too large, according to his standard of morality? Is it after

the birth of the tenth child, or the fifth, or the second? Or does one child, perhaps, in his estimation, constitute the *ultima thule* of virtuous parenthood?

Now, surely the reverend doctor is no such visionary as to imagine that after the birth of the last child permitted by his restrictive standard, married people will thenceforth, in obedience to his mandate, or any criminal law the state may enact, bind themselves to the observance of voluntary continence—*which before God is the only permissible method of intentionally limiting the number of their offspring*. He must, then, be understood as advocating the use of artificial means to attain the desired end.

Would it not, therefore, be well for the reverend doctor, in his next discourse on this delicate theme, to supplement his lecture with a clear, detailed explanation of the artificial means best adapted to so moral a purpose? Conscienceless druggists and murderous physicians—the bane and disgrace of their noble professions—or, still better, the soiled doves of the underworld, might be introduced to his Christian audience to elucidate more clearly this important portion of his edifying discourse. By explaining these means and exhorting the reverend doctor's disciples to employ them, would not the aforesaid druggists, quacks, and prostitutes prove themselves in very deed noble benefactors of mankind?

Moreover, he might find Christian ministers who at least by silence would indorse such a procedure. May we not reasonably suppose that the clergymen whose silence lent approval to his infamous doctrine last Thursday, have taken inspiration from his discourse and enlarged on his edifying theme in addressing their own congregations?

Can this be their idea of the proper management of a Christian Chautauqua, making for higher culture and civilization? If so, why draw the line at race suicide? There are crimes less explicitly condemned in Holy Writ and less severely reprobated by Christian society, which could, if but advocated by some reverend doctor, be even more easily metamorphosed into resplendent virtues. For instance, emancipation of childhood from the tyranny of parental authority would prove a delightfully interesting and acceptable theme. Show by a few eloquent touches that parents are heartless tyrants in exacting the respect and obedience of their children—and you'll have an army of impudent and impertinent young Americans enlisting under your standard.

Then, to be quite up to date, advocate the righteousness of lynching, and prove to a demonstration that the gunmen in the disgraceful New York police scandal were champions of civic virtue in slaying the informer, Rosenthal. Don't condemn them to the electric chair, but crown them with bay and laurel and hold them up to the admiration and emulation of the rising generation.

Will you say that the crime of these men and insubordination of children are clearly condemned by the law of God? I say to you, read your Bible, ponder the terrible fate of Onan, in the Old Testament—the first man recorded in history to condemn large families—and learn that race suicide is, in the eyes of God, a far more grievous crime than these.

No, Dr. Taylor, large families are not immoral. Parents who rear large families—all honor to them!—show thereby that they reverence and observe the sacred laws of marriage and the moral law. Read history, study the nations of the world today, and learn that purity and morality flourish and have always flourished most among those peoples who esteem large families as an honor and a blessing to the parents.

GEORGE MAHONY, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"Young man," cried Father Casey, at the end of a thrilling sermon against mixed marriages, "young man, if, in spite of all that I have said, if, in spite of the condemnation of Holy Mother Church, in spite of the prohibition of Almighty God, in spite of the sad example of hundreds of thousands who have wrecked their hopes of happiness for time and eternity by this rash step, if, in spite of all this, you stubbornly persist in risking the holy faith for which your fathers suffered, the immortal soul for which your Saviour died, by marrying a non-Catholic, then listen to my final warning!

"In the very room in which you die, at the very moment you breathe your last, Jesus Christ will come to judge you. Think of that terrible day! Forget, for a moment, wreaths and orange blossoms, and think of that day. Tell me—what answer will you make to Jesus Christ when He appears as your Judge and says to you, 'Give an account of the immortal souls of the children entrusted to your care?'"

Dear to Father Casey's priestly heart were the young people of his flock. His burning words were inspired by the desire to save these

chosen ones from an unhappy death like one he had witnessed the preceding week, and every sad detail of which was still vivid in his mind. It happened thus:

* * *

"A sick call? Robert Midgeon on Walnut Street? Why, I did not know that Mr. Midgeon was a Catholic."

"Well, Father," said Engineer Healy, "I never knew it either until last night, though he has been firing on my engine for eight years past. You know, Father Tim, that little accident last May when No. 44 went over the grade and pinned me under her. To this day I believe, before God, it was my scapulars that saved me. Midgeon jumped. He got an awful fall and was laid up in the hospital three months. He began firing again last week but fainted at the end of the run and had to be brought home in the ambulance. Now the doctors say he has suffered an internal—an internal something or other—and may drop off at any moment. He didn't know how bad he was till last night. The doctor had told him just before I came in, and he was as white as the leaf of that book you're reading. 'Healy,' says he the minute he got sight of me, 'do you see this room?' 'I can see a block signal a mile away,' says I, 'and the room is a bit bigger than that.' 'Healy,' says he, not minding what I said, 'Jesus Christ will come into this room to judge me. And what can I tell Him, Healy, when He says, "Give an account of the immortal souls of the children I entrusted to your care"?' 'Great heavens, Midgeon,' says I, 'do you mean to tell me that you're a Catholic?' 'No,' he roared, 'I'm not. But I ought to be. I'm an apostate. And maybe before another day I'll be dead and damned forever.'

"I tried my best to pacify him. After a bit he got more quiet; then he told me his story. He had had a good Catholic bringing up, he said. When he was twenty-five he fell in love with a Methodist girl and married her in spite of the warnings of his parish priest. True, he had her sign the pre-nuptial contract binding herself to allow all the children to be Catholics. When the first child was born she let him take it to the church to be baptized. When the next one was born she (egged on by her Protestant relations) objected. Midgeon insisted, and the child was baptized. That was, however, his last struggle. When the third baby arrived he had become indifferent to his religion. Being a railroad man he had always found considerable difficulty in getting to Mass. A good Catholic wife would have helped him over

the difficulty, as Kitty has done for me, God bless her. Mrs. Midgeon, on the contrary, instead of helping and encouraging him, took pains to put obstacles in the way. The upshot of it was that he finally gave up Mass altogether. Once he had quit the Holy Mass, he found it easy enough to quit everything else Catholic. His seven children are dyed-in-the-wool Methodists, and as for himself, in all the years I worked with him, I never saw any more signs of religion in him than in the engine he fired. The minute I found out he was a Catholic I wanted to go and call your Reverence. 'Don't do it, Healy,' says he. 'The priest would only tell me that I'll burn in hell for neglecting the religious education of my seven children!' 'No one goes to hell that's sorry for his sins and makes a good Confession,' says I. 'Confession,' cries he, 'don't you understand that no priest could give me Absolution until I made my children Catholics? And that's impossible. They hate the very sight of a Catholic.' I didn't know what to say to that, so I came to tell your Reverence about it."

"Mr. Healy," said the priest, "I thought you knew your religion well enough to settle that difficulty. A parent is indeed guilty before God of a heinous sin if, through his neglect, his children lose the faith. He can never receive Absolution or pardon unless he is sorry for that sin and determined to do all in his power to repair it. However, let it always be remembered, God's mercy is above all His works. He will never reject the repentant sinner. If it is no longer possible for the sinner to repair the evil he has done, God will forgive him even without reparation."

"Then, Father Tim, there's a chance for poor Midgeon!"

"If he has sorrow for his sins and trust in God, there is all the chance in the world. I shall go at once to see what I can do for him, for I fear that if he dies without the priest he will die in despair."

* * *

Father Casey rang the bell at Mr. Midgeon's house on Walnut Street and waited. A young woman (she was Midgeon's eldest daughter) opened the door. On seeing the Roman collar, she recoiled, then her face darkened with repulsion, and she stood silently regarding him with a cold stare.

"I am Father Casey. I heard of Mr. Midgeon's illness and stopped to pay him a little call."

"Mr. Midgeon is not seeking new acquaintances!" The door was

slammed in his face, he heard the key turn in the lock, and he had no choice but to go back the way he came.

An immortal soul was at stake! Good Father Casey had never yet, in all his priestly life, hesitated at any sacrifice to save a soul. He instructed Engineer Healy to call on the dying fireman that very evening and obtain from him a clear statement that he desired a visit from the priest. Healy succeeded in obtaining the required declaration, though he reported that Midgeon kept repeating, "I am lost; no priest can give me Absolution while my children are Protestants through my fault."

Early next morning Father Casey again rang the bell at the house on Walnut Street. The same young woman answered his ring. Livid with rage at seeing such persistence in the hated priest, she gave the door a violent swing. This time it did not close; one of Father Casey's thick-soled shoes planted firmly just inside the threshold prevented it from doing so.

"Pardon me," he said, "Mr. Midgeon, the owner of this house, sent for me. I have come in answer to his call."

"No Popish priest will see my father," she said and made a second effort to close the door.

"Madam, the law of the land will uphold a dying man in his request for spiritual assistance. I shall return in half an hour with an officer and compel admittance." And he turned on his heel. "Unless," he added facing her, "you have decided, upon second thought, to admit me now."

The struggle raging within her showed plainly upon her features. At length she said shortly:

"Wait in the hall. I shall go to my father's room and inquire whether you have told the truth."

When she came downstairs a few minutes later, she was accompanied by the family physician and by her brother, a broad-shouldered young man of twenty-three or thereabout. The doctor was the first to speak.

"I am Mr. Midgeon's physician; I cannot allow him to be disturbed."

"You may be his physician, sir," said Father Casey, "but you are not his jailer. He has sent me a definite request to visit him, and—I mean to do so."

"You clear out of this house. We take no lip from a sneaking

priest!" bellowed young Mr. Midgeon, advancing upon Father Casey with clenched fists.

The priest looked him squarely in the eye without twitching a muscle. The young man stepped back. After a moment of silence, Father Casey said quietly:

"Am I to be given free access to Mr. Midgeon, or will it be necessary for me to call in the assistance of an officer of the law?"

Miss Midgeon drew the doctor aside; there was a minute of excited whispering, then the doctor turned and said:

"I disclaim all responsibility for the result of your parley with Mr. Midgeon. If you choose to hasten the end of a dying man with your superstitious mummeries, let the guilt be on your own head!"

Father Casey started up the stairway.

"Is this the way to the sick room?" he asked.

"Not so fast, sir," said the doctor. "My patient is in intense suffering and stands in need of my immediate assistance. If you insist on troubling him, you may do so after ten minutes."

Father Casey waited with what patience he could. At the end of a quarter of an hour a curt summons from the doctor brought him to the dying man. Mrs. Midgeon, a delicate little woman of middle age, sat at the bedside, silently weeping. But on the face of Miss Midgeon and the doctor there was a look of triumph.

"The pain had become so violent," said the doctor, "that I was obliged to administer a slight opiate. It is possible that the patient will not have the happiness of recognizing his ghostly father."

Father Casey saw it all. Miss Midgeon had evidently asked the doctor to administer a powerful drug that would render her father unconscious, and thus prevent him from speaking with the priest. A sufficient reason was found in the fact that Mr. Midgeon was really suffering great pain. Thus did the very child whom a guilty father had allowed to be robbed of the faith, become the instrument of God's justice in cutting off from that guilty father the consolations of the faith in his dying hour.

Father Casey sat silently at the bedside watching anxiously for some sign of returning consciousness. Never in his life had he prayed more fervently than he prayed then that the effects of the opiate would wear off before the fireman died. Mr. Midgeon's pulse grew weaker and weaker, a clammy sweat began to ooze from his forehead, foam gathered on his lips—there was a convulsive movement of the limbs,

one last, long breath, and Robert Midgeon passed from an opiate sleep to the sleep of death.

A chill of terror shook Father Casey at the thought: Jesus Christ is now in this room. He is saying to the unhappy apostate, Give an account of the immortal souls of the children whom I entrusted to your care.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

THE STORM AT SEA—A Bible Study

ST. MATTHEW, XIV, 22-34; ST. MARK, VI, 45-53; ST. JOHN, VI, 15-21

A storm was lowering over Our Lord. Herod had just murdered John the Baptist and now desired "to see Christ". Early this morning Our Lord had crossed the Sea of Genesareth to seek some lonely spot where his Apostles could rest. We remember how the crowds had eagerly followed, how they listened to his instructions all that day, how He had multiplied the loaves and fishes, how the crowds surged around Him to make Him their king.

Love in loneliness. "And forthwith Jesus obliged his disciples to go up into the boat, and to go before him over the water, till he dismissed the people. And having dismissed the multitude, he went up into a mountain alone to pray." (Mt. XIV, 22-23.) These words give us new insight into the *real nature of his kingdom*. It is not of this world, not to the taste and ideas of this world at all. His apostles had just distributed the wonderful bread at sundown; they heard the murmurs of admiration greeting them everywhere. Then they gathered up the morsels and heard the wild shouts of the crowds in a transport of enthusiastic gratitude. No wonder their own hearts were ablaze. They too loved their country and their nation. They too hoped that the Messiah would establish some sort of earthly kingdom in Israel. Even after the resurrection of Our Lord, they will gather round him and ask: "Lord, wilt thou, at this time, restore again the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts I, 6). Several times they quarrel about precedence and even approach Our Lord with the petition: "Grant us that we may sit, one on thy right and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory." Just here lay the danger. The enthusiasm of the multitude was contagious. The apostles also would begin to dream and hope for high positions in this kingdom; sordid selflove, the pride of life, the spirit of worldliness would mingle in their souls. For this reason Our Lord now *separates them from the crowd* as soon as possible. He does so with an earnest energy that brooks no refusal. Just look at the words used by Saints Matthew and Mark: "obliged" them. The Greek word is more forcible still. It shows how loath they were to part from that place where their most glowing hopes seemed so near realization. The kingdom in store for them on earth lay not in wordly grandeur but in storm and stress and bitterness. He bids them go before him over the water: and so they know that the parting will be of short duration. But they must have time to reflect on the events of the day: the baskets with the fragments gathered from the miraculous supper will stand before them as silent monitors and the quiet night will invite them to cool and dispassionate thought. Perhaps a little remorse will creep into their hearts as they remember their want of faith. Confidence will revive as they remember how their gloomy forebodings were belied by his splendid command over the forces of nature. With all this, their love must warm again; and the words of St. John strongly suggest how sincerely they felt

his absence: "And it was now dark and he had not yet come unto them." And his thoughts were with Our Lord and he was counting the moments till the promised reunion. The Gospel shows us that John and Peter were usually linked as companions when Our Lord sent them on some little errand, and probably these words of St. John also whisper to us the sentiments of St. Peter. His apostles gone, Our Lord had one more concern: to *dismiss the multitudes*. They had watched the conversation with the apostles as St. John intimates: "They knew that Christ was not in the boat. Therefore he came back to them. He had to make it clear that he was not come to found an earthly kingdom. Probably he used the same language, repeated in the synagogue: "You seek me not because you have seen miracles, but because you did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth but for that which endureth unto life everlasting, which the Son of man will give unto you. For him hath God, the Father, sealed." They sought only the wretched crumbs of earth and scorned the lessons of heavenly wisdom which he offered as the teacher sealed by God with the seal of miracles. At last the crowd begins to melt away: little clusters drift over the plain, scatter among the towns and farms; but some few absolutely refuse to move: they pitch their tents or simply lie down in the plain. Now Our Lord steals away from them and we see him on the mount *all alone, "to pray"*. His heart is sad, with a grief so deep that only a God can bear and comprehend it. He offered His best and men blunderingly hunger for the vilest. We see how we should say our little night prayers: when a day of hard work is over; when some disappointment has crossed us. He prayed that men might accept and treasure the Eucharist; that His apostles be firm in their faith especially on the day after the morrow when so many would abandon Him on this account; He prayed for that one among His apostles who was already marked as a devil who was to betray Him, and whose treachery would first come to light by his disbelief in the Eucharist. (J. VI, 71).

And yet, His eyes are upon us. Let us return to the Apostles. The three narratives agree in telling us that they meant to cross the sea; the landing place is named Bethsaida by St. Mark and Capharnaum by St. John. Probably Capharnaum was a city of considerable importance lying at some distance from the shore; while Bethsaida served as its harbor and fishing station. St. John remarks that Our Lord had not yet rejoined them; but he was to learn that though absent and seemingly inattentive to their distress, he knew of all and would help them at the proper moment.

"The sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew." Thus their conversation and reflections were cut short. Travellers have observed that throughout winter and early spring the storm winds on the sea of Genesareth blow from the north; but when the summer's heat has warmed up the deep gorge of the Jordan, when the vapors of the hot springs in its neighborhood begin to rise, then the draught in the channel-bed rises and moves toward the north. According to our story the wind must have been blowing from the north, for St. Matthew adds: "but the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves, for the wind was contrary." The course of the apostles lay south by south-east. Now if the wind had come from the south they should have been blown back to the north and stranded on the beach. Just the contrary happened: they were driven out into the very middle of the sea. They were making for the western shore and the wind was "contrary"; so it must have come from the north-west. St. John being a fisherman on this lake knew the character of the storm well enough and calls it a "great" wind. No wonder he goes on to state that they had to ply their oars: "When they had rowed therefore about five and twenty or thirty furlongs"; "they laboured in rowing" (St. Mark). It is between three and six o'clock A. M. when they reach the middle of the lake. The greatest width of the lake is gauged at about seven miles. On calm days boats will cross the lake in two or

three hours. The apostles were toiling from sundown till early morning. The storm was part of their lesson: trust in Our Lord spite of all; do not fear that he will fail in any need. Just listen to St. Mark's assurance: "And himself (Our Lord) alone on the land. And seeing them laboring in rowing and about the fourth watch of the night, *he cometh to them* walking on the sea, and he would have passed them by." Though absorbed in prayer and apparently far away, he was not forgetful of them; he saw them well. Perhaps the gusts of wind were not accompanied by clouds, and the full moon, usual at this period, gave a distinct view over the lake. Certainly he saw them as he saw Nathanael in St. John I, 48: "when thou wast under the figtree, I saw thee." To see, was enough to secure His help. Now too, the moment had come when help would profit them most; for he came primarily to teach, and teach a double lesson. One regarded the Eucharist, that heavenly food He was to promise them the day after the morrow; His Body was to be multiplied, and deprived of weight as well; else how could it feasibly become their food? He could not well deliver a lecture in metaphysics; but He reached His point by this ocular demonstration: He could make His body light as a feather, light as the tiny host that now conceals it. In the Fourth Book of Kings, VI, 6, we read how the prophet Eliseus recovered the head of the axe which had fallen into the river: "And the iron swam." One regarded His divinity; this confessed, then all doubts must vanish and faith must banish all misgivings. That scene must recall to their minds the passage in Job, IX, 8: "Indeed I know it is so, and that man cannot be justified compared with God, . . . who alone spreadeth out the heavens and walketh on the waves of the sea." Had He come only to help them out of danger, St. Mark would not have emphasized the significant words: "He would have passed them by." This very detail only drew their attention on Him all the more anxiously. He turns to them only when they call on Him; when they have observed the full extent of the miracle.

And his hand outstretched to help. We may imagine what thoughts they bore in mind: He had refused to appear as king, thus dashed all their earthly hopes; then He sent them alone into the open sea where this storm was brewing; and now they were tossed about helplessly. Contrast His watchful care for them; and we too will better appreciate His presence in the Blessed Sacrament.

St. Matthew records their *first impression: fear!* "They seeing him walking upon the sea were troubled, saying: It is an apparition! And they cried out for fear." How they must have rubbed their eyes and peered anxiously into the night till they were sure of that strange object out in the sea. They had notions of demons wandering about in lonely places as when Our Lord spoke of the devil driven from the soul and then roaming through desert places till he finds seven other evil spirits worse than himself, and returns to the soul. They may have thought of the passage in which Isaiah describes the ruins of Babylon as haunted by demons. They may have shuddered at the verse in Baruch IV, 13: "For fire shall come upon her from the Eternal, long to endure, and she shall be inhabited by devils for a great time." Perhaps the description in Job IV, 13, might be applied to them: "In the horror of a vision by night when deep sleep is wont to hold men, fear seized upon me, and trembling and all my bones were affrighted; and when a spirit passed before me, the hair of my flesh stood up. There stood one, whose countenance I knew not, an image before mine eyes." No wonder they cried out for fear. But Our Saviour soon changes that fear into *confident joy*. The figure draws nearer and nearer to them. Perhaps the whistling of the winds subsides a moment and the roar of the waves is muffled, for now a voice comes to them over the deep: "Be of good heart, it is I; fear not." He does not allow them to be long tortured with doubt, for "immediately" His answer came. Those words of His so often tingling with power divine, were surely freighted with grace at this hour; went straight to their hearts and effected there calm and sweet assurance. Those words: "It is I", were enough: they had not expected Him here, for He had bidden them "go before him over

the water" and so they might hope to rejoin Him on the other shore. Then too, they see how unfounded were all their diffidence and the murmurs they might have entertained at his absence in such a crisis. Their happiness now rose in proportion to their previous dejection. Though their rejoicing was common, still there is *one apostle* now to be singled out by a special privilege. This special and personal distinction is not a singular occurrence but is rather a law often observed; besides, the real honor is then bestowed by Christ's own free will; and many a time by the intervention of a miracle; so that we cannot explain away his primacy as the result of his individual character, but must see in it the appointment and personal seal of Our Lord, who so highly distinguished him. And now when Jesus has in view the miracle of the blessed Sacrament He again bestows on Peter a new proof of His pre-eminence above the apostles. In the afternoon all seemed equal in distributing the fragments; now at night, when the full effect of the miracle must be brought home to them, Our Lord adds the wholesome and important admonition that in future they will administer the Eucharist but always with Peter's superiority before them. And note the analogy: when Our Lord treats of the Eucharist, just then Peter is singled out: at the promise in the synagogue Peter will profess his faith in the name of all; at the last supper Peter will be distinguished by his conduct before and after it; and now just one year before the last supper Peter again stands in bold relief. The Primacy and the Eucharist are the two pillars of strength in the Catholic church. Well, let us come back to *St. Peter*. He is ever the most impetuous, and quick to make up his mind, and to act with energy. In all probability too, on the preceding afternoon he was the loudest in his entreaties that Our Lord would seize the happy moment and wear the crown of David. He may have spent the first hours of the night in gloomy reflections on Our Lord's refusal. But now that he hears the Saviour's voice, all is fair again; one single wish sways his entire being: to be with Him. Notice that ardent love: he could have waited till Our Lord reached the boat; it would take but a few minutes; and yet even this little while made him impatient and restive; he must go to meet Him. Think of the firmness of his faith; to expect that the yielding waters would bear him too, at his Master's simple wish. No wonder that Our Lord will entrust his flock to Peter's keeping. "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee upon the waters". His mind was calm; he did not jump to credulous conclusion; but made the issue depend on a test that would satisfy the most skeptical. The sight of Our Lord should have been miracle enough; but Peter asks to share that miracle in his own person. We could not have demanded better proof under the circumstances. Now *Our Lord's answer*: "And he said: Come!" Here we see the real purpose of Our Saviour and His wish to distinguish St. Peter with some peculiar favor all his own. Often had He on other occasions refused the petitions of His apostles. He could have done so now. But no; the prayer was humble; for St. Peter did not presume on his own strength; he left all to the power of Christ: "bid me come". It was prompted by ardent love. Our Lord wished too that St. Peter should one day "confirm his brethren"; this scene would inaugurate his office well. The papacy has gone through many a storm; in its weakness it seemed to walk upon the waters of undying hate, of calumny, of revolt; through the night of ignorance and error, it shone as the only being of light; only the hand of God could have sustained it. St. Peter: "Going down out of the boat walked upon the water to come to Jesus." Without faltering the fisherman steps out on the waves; but a moment ago he trembled before the gale and now he does not give it a thought. Surely the apostles gazed after him in mute amazement. But the lesson is not over. Peter has gone quite a distance: at first buoyant in fervent faith; but alas, he now hears the ominous whining of the wind, he feels the foam and spray of the billows in his face; the boat is far beyond his reach. His will is not proof against such temptations, and his faith begins to wane and see: he begins to sink. But even in his peril he turns to Our Lord with a simple prayer: "*Lord save me!*" It may do us good to remember those few words, for, note their power: "Immediately Jesus stretching forth His hand, took hold of him and said: Oh, thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?" Countless were the wonders he had witnessed already and his faith should be firm as oak. Even now he had felt the sea grow firm under his feet; why should it not continue so? He deserved the rebuke; and

the lesson went all the deeper into his heart; now he learned not to fear the wind or waves; not to dread the powers of earth or hell; fear only one thing: the loss of faith.

And graces of every sort abounding. Christ and Peter are now walking side by side through the storm. After the last supper, came that terrible night when a wilder storm broke upon the apostles, when his enemies would strike the Shepherd and the sheep of His flock would be dispersed; when Our Lord would be arrested, and the apostles scattered, and Peter even deny him; in that storm Peter would again be with His Saviour but repentant and sorrowful. Then they should have remembered this night and should have trusted.

We may picture the meeting when both *reached the ship*. St. John tells us: "And they were willing therefore to take him into the ship." The Greek word means that they welcomed him, they received him with joy; a joy that would be intensified by the stream of miracles to follow. Just glance at St. Matthew: "And when they were come up into the boat the wind ceased". The wind ceased, and they should have fallen on their knees to adore their Lord and God; but wait. It might look like want of consideration; like precipitate impulse. Then just turn back to St. Mark who gives us a valuable hint: "And they were far more astonished within themselves; for they understood not concerning the loaves; for their heart was blinded." See how hard it was to convince the apostles of miracles and such things. Even now after a day of marvels and a night of miracles, they are "blinded" yet. Each new marvel finds them as distrustful as ever they were; and if finally they do surrender it is only when the evidence is irresistible; only when after a struggle that is stubborn and enduring. Hence, when they do bow to Our Lord, it is done upon deliberate conviction. This we see in St. Matthew: "And they that were in the boat came and *adored him* saying: Indeed thou art the Son of God!" And all through that day He proves himself the Son of God by His unstinted miracles. Let us hasten to add the end of our story; it harmonizes with the beginning for it shows the fountain of His love still flowing on all in every shape of grace and blessing. We will borrow it from St. Mark: "And when they had passed over they came into the land of Genesareth, and set to the shore." Some think that *their arrival* was also miraculous, being wafted over the intervening space, from the middle of the lake, by the omnipotence of Our Lord; they think this is warranted by the words used in St. John. But it seems enough to remember that the storm had ceased, and then they could reach the shore in a very short time. Of course the wind had driven them out of their course to the south and this explains why they land in Genesareth. "And when they were gone out of the ship immediately they knew him; and running through that whole country, they began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was." This needs no comment: it shows his reputation with all the country round; it shows their eagerness to spread the news and their confidence in His wondrous power. It gives us a slight idea of the Saviour who dwells in our midst upon the altars; and suggests a comparison between their activity to profit by His grace and our indolence.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

A wounded French Captain imprisoned at Metz tells that the Kaiser visited the wounded French prisoners and said: "I give my imperial homage, gentlemen, to your valor; and, notwithstanding the cruel circumstances of the present, I do not despair of one day seeing Germany and France united by ties of sincere friendship."

JERRY COMES TO GRIEF

Tuesday night in Jerry's "hospitable mansion". After Jerry had thrown open the door, to give ventilation to his guest, and provide a means of escape for his Perique tobacco fumes, he picked up the hatchet which lay in the corner and got very busy, for a few moments, splitting up a pine board to start a fire. He soon had a roaring fire in the old rusty stove.

"Is my Lord ready to sup?" he asked, grinning at Willie.

"I think I could eat something," replied Willie.

"Well, my Lord, in a few minutes I'll have you a supper fit for a king."

With wonderful expedition he sliced off six huge slices of bacon, and in a moment they were sizzling in a large frying pan. Then, whipping out four large Irish potatoes, he raked out a pile of red hot ashes onto the hearth of the stove and put the potatoes in them to bake. Hauling out a box from under the table, he fished out a long loaf of baker's bread, a small pasteboard box full of eggs, a cube of butter wrapped in tissue paper, some knives, forks and spoons looking the worse for wear, some plates, cups, and saucers, all of which were pretty badly nicked along the edges, and placed them on the table.

"We ain't got time fer much style tonight, 'cause we're both hungry, so, I'll have to let my damask table cloth go till tomorrow, and the napkins, too," said Jerry, laughing uproariously.. "Y' see, my Lord, I ginerally uses my coat tail fer a napkin."

"I'd give a dime," said Willie, looking amusedly at Jerry's short jacket, "to see you wipe your mouth on the tail of that coat."

"I'll show you in a minnit, when I gits these eggs fried," and Jerry broke one egg after another into the pan, until the shells of eight lay on the floor.

"Stop," said Willie. "I can't eat so many eggs."

"Who the h—I said you wus goin' to eat 'em? You ain't the only guy what's goin' to pertake of this bankit."

The smoke from Jerry's pipe, with the pungent scent of the Perique, the odor of the bacon frying in the pan, the wood-smoke escaping through the cracks in the stove—all made a combination, to say the least unique, the like of which it had never before fallen to Willie's lot to experience. Sitting on the edge of his cot he watched

with interest the preparation of the meal. At last, Jerry turned out the eggs and bacon into a dish and cutting the loaf of bread through the middle he quickly sliced off six pieces which he placed on a saucer with a large piece of butter. He quickly poured out a generous cup of tea from a tea-pot which he had set on the stove to draw, and opening a small bottle of dairy milk he whitened the tea a little.

"How many lumps will my Lord take?" he inquired, removing the lid from a tin-box of lump sugar.

"Put in three," replied Willie, "if it's sugar."

"What else would it be?" snapped Jerry.

"Nowadays they mix things with the sugar to make it weigh," said Willie.

"You don't tell me," sneered Jerry. "So there's other thieves in the world 'sides us."

Jerry then picked up a pine board about three feet long, which stood against the wall, and placing Willie's supper on it, he walked over and with a low bow:

"I regret, my Lord, that I loaned out my porcelain tray, but I'll do the best I kin."

The grotesqueness of the situation, the utter comicality of the man's attitude, was too much for Willie and throwing himself back he broke into a hearty peal of laughter. 'Twas the clanking of his chains against the beam that sobered him. With that, they both fell to and nothing was heard for some time, save the noises that necessarily accompany hearty eating. Jerry disdained all table manners and he sucked in great mouthfuls of tea with a sound that could be heard a block away, now and then wiping his enormous mouth on the front of his jacket, or, on his sleeve.

"You see now, how I use my coat-tail fer a napkin, hey?" said Jerry at last.

"Yes, I see," replied the boy.

"Now, m' covey, git to sleep as fast as you kin," and Jerry buried the remaining embers under a pile of ashes, blew out the candle, and keeled over, pulling up over his ungainly carcass the grey blanket, and in a few minutes he was snoring like a saw-mill. Willie, too, adjusted himself as well as he could to his chain; but it was long before sleep visited his eyes. He lay in the Cimmerian darkness listening to the long drawn snores of his jailer, wondering in his heart what the morrow would bring forth. Whatever religion is in a man is generally

brought out by adversity. It is a beautiful flower that blooms in noisome places. Willie had learned much in the last day in the hard school of adversity. From his cradle he had been a religious boy, his whole life, work and play, directed by the principles of his holy Faith which burned with a steady flame deep in his nature. His faith, however, had never been subjected to any severe trial. But now, lying there in the dark, chained to a beam, subject to the whim of a monster, not knowing what a day would bring forth, he realized how dependent a human creature is upon his God. It came home to him with startling force, that:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we may."

His thoughts sped away o'er pines and cypresses and cane-brakes, o'er swamp and lagoon, o'er houses and through streets and he saw his loved ones at home—their consternation, their grief—and he wondered whether or not he would ever see them again. At last, with his fingers fast clutching his beads and the "Hail Mary" on his lips, he fell into a long, dreamless sleep. When he awoke about ten the next morning, there sat Jerry, his huge feet cocked upon the table, chair tilted, emitting great clouds of smoke from his corn-cob pipe and spitting at a piece of paper which lay on the dirt floor, which target he frequently struck with amazing accuracy.

"Well, I be durn," said Jerry, as Willie's eyes opened. "I was beginning to think I had to deal with one o' them seven sleepers I read about. I dun took my breakfast two hours ago. You got to eat cold mush. This ain't no quick service resteraunt."

"Is there any vessel here I could wash my hands and face in?" said Willie.

"Ha! ha!! ha!!!" laughed Jerry uproariously, "ain't that good? You think you're on a Pullman?"

Then, on second thought, he lifted his huge bulk and pouring some water into a skillet, he placed it on the improvised tray of the night before, and with the same grotesque bow:

"My Lord, will you wash your dainty fingers in this porcelain bowl? It's a present from the Kaiser."

But, somehow, the laugh was gone out of Willie, and a flush mantled his brow, as he remarked:

"Enough of this trifling. Give me some water, in a cup, to drink."

Jerry presented him with a tin-cup full to the brim of cold spring

water. Willie took a few swallows, then, pouring the rest on his fingers, he gave his hands, face and hair a kind of a cat-wash, Jerry looking on the while and grinning.

"Gee, ain't it dainty?" he ejaculated.

Willie dried himself with his handkerchief.

"Give me some of that cold mush, then, if you've got nothing else."

So Willie made his breakfast that morning on cold mush and milk and some bread and butter, the while Uncle Stanhope and his posse were crossing the ten-mile ferry.

Jerry then picked up the shot-gun, and putting on a coon-skin cap he started climbing for the door. As he reached it he turned and said with a grin:

"My Lord, I hope to have sumpin' better fer dinner. Be good to yerself while I'm gone and don't git in er fight with nobody."

Saying which he slammed the door and locked it. A feeling of utter loneliness crept over the boy, in spite of himself. 'Twas like being buried alive. Anything might happen to Jerry. He might kill himself. Accidents sometimes happen. He might run away, if he feared discovery. And, there he would be, alone, chained to a beam in this hole-in-the-ground, to starve to death before his friends would ever find him. The tears slowly gathered in his eyes and ran down his cheeks, but he lifted his heart to God, the Friend of the friendless, and he prayed with a fervor never felt before.

Standing, he arranged his bed as well as he could. Sitting, again he made a mental inventory of every, even the smallest, object in the room. Nothing visible escaped his keen hunter's eye. He even noted the nails in the stairs and the putty that held the dirty panes in the windows. At last, a diabolical idea crept into his head. "I wonder if I could reach that chair. That's the one the gun lay on. Very probably he'll put the gun on it again, when he returns. If I can reach it, I'm safe. When he's getting the dinner, he'll turn around, and he'll look into the muzzle of that gun. Good! Capital! I'll force him to pitch me the key. I'll free myself. I'll climb backward up the ladder. Then I'll shoot him in the head and run for it. Sin? I have a right to save myself. What right has he to detain me here by force? He has forfeited his right to life. Besides, didn't he draw a six-shooter on me last night? I don't know what moment he may take it into his head to shoot me. Yes, I'll do it, as sure as my name is William Tecumseh Maloney." Getting on his feet, he started for the chair. No, the

chain was too short by about a foot. Willie examined the chain minutely. He found several of the links twisted. He straightened them. This brought him several inches nearer. He twisted his muscular, lithe, little body and tugged at the chain, forcing it as high up under his arms as he could, until beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and his sides ached. Alas! too short by four inches. By this time he was thoroughly tired, and sat again on the edge of his cot to rest and think. His mind worked with fearful rapidity. At last: "Let's see if there's anything under this cot. Pulling up the blanket, he stooped and his eyes swept the floor. An object lay under the bed, near the head, close to the wall. He stretched his right leg under and fished it out gradually with his foot. "Golly! A boot-jack about a foot long." The nearest Willie could get to the chair was four inches with the point of his toe. He couldn't manipulate a boot-jack with his foot. "Let's see! Yes, the boot-jack has a cross-piece about an inch and a half high. I have it. If I can secure the boot-jack to my foot and get this cross-piece over the rung of the chair, I can easily pull it within reaching distance. Bully!" Just then he heard a rustling noise. "Ha! What's that?" He listened breathlessly. Presently, a large, grey rat came out; then another; then a third; and more, until there were six. Willie's blood ran cold. "My God! I've heard of rats eating persons alive in subterranean dungeons!" Willie drew his feet up under him, and sat there tailor fashion watching them. He thanked his stars that he had that boot-jack. But the rats were too busy hunting for something to eat to bother with Willie. They nibbled at everything eatable they could find, the skins of the bacon, the potato peelings, crusts of bread, and crumbs. Willie sat and watched them, cold and trembling. His feet felt numb, his hands were clammy, and something was pounding like a trip-hammer under his left ribs. "I reckon that's my heart." Willie never knew that he had a heart before.

"Time he was learning," muttered Father Johnson.

The Missionary looked severely at Father Johnson and his lips parted as though to say something caustic, but no sound came forth and he went on with the story.

At last, finding nothing more to nibble at on the floor, the rats sprang upon the table. Now, Willie, after his cat-wash and cold breakfast, had placed the empty cup and a large pewter spoon beside him upon the bed. To the spoon has adhered some large chunks of mush. Evidently the rats had scented this, for, having cleaned up everything

edible on the table they sprang to the floor and, as if by one impulse, the six of them turned towards the bed. There they stood in a row, their black eyes sparkling like glass beads, and the points of their noses working. As for Willie, a cold perspiration broke out all over him. There was something positively uncanny about the situation. Tightening his grip upon the boot-jack, he suddenly gave an explosive hiss with his mouth, at the same time bringing the boot-jack with a resounding thwack on the bed. The effect was ludicrous. The terrified rats scampered for their holes, tumbling over one another in their mad rush, as if his Satanic Majesty were after them. Willie leaned back and gave vent to a hearty peal of laughter, which echoed back mockingly from the dirt walls. At the same instant, he solved the problem of reaching the chair. He untied his right shoe and pulled out the string to the last two eyelets. He then tied the shoe-string hard and fast around the end of the boot-jack. Slipping on the shoe again he worked until he managed to get the boot-jack over the lower rung of the chair. Pulling steadily the cross-piece caught the rung and the chair began slowly to give. Willie chuckled with satisfaction. He pulled and pulled, until, at last, he could reach the chair with his hand. "I hope Jerry won't notice that trail in the dust," he said to himself. He had his misgivings. This process was finished none too soon, for in a few moments he heard the key rattling in the lock.

Did you know there are rats in this place?" he said, as Jerry came down the stair dangling two grey squirrels in his left hand.

"Naw, I never seed no rats. Aw, that's nothin'. Rats ain't no wuss than bed-bugs. S'long's it wasn't rattlesnakes you's all right."

Jerry threw the squirrels on the table and to Willie's infinite disgust, he stood the gun against the wall. In a few minutes he had a fire roaring up the stove-pipe, and deftly, after a few cuts of the knife, he slipped off the squirrel-skins as you would slip off a glove. He then put them on to stew, and the savory smell soon diffused itself throughout the room. Willie's appetite grew apace, especially since he had taken a cold breakfast. When Jerry began to make coffee, Willie was more than pleased; for he longed for a cup of coffee above all else. Finally it happened. In moving around the stove Jerry found the gun in his way. Picking it up, he laid it on the chair. Willie's heart beat tumultuously. The butt of the gun was toward him. One movement of his right arm and he could possess himself of it. But now began a fearful battle in his breast. 'Twas most repugnant to him to shoot

down a fellow human being. Somehow he couldn't square such an act with all that his religion had taught him from his very babyhood, that stern and beautiful morality shining on her brow like a diadem. And not so very long before, Father Horrell had explained that point in connection with the Fifth Commandment. He remembered well that Father Horrell had told him in class, that it was allowed to repel, even to kill an unjust aggressor, if there were no other way. And in repelling that unjust aggressor, one must have the intention of doing him no more injury than is necessary. But Jerry was not attacking him. He was only holding him in restraint. And his father would soon get him out. 'Twas only a question of time and money. No, he couldn't with a clear conscience, shoot a man down in cold blood. "Thus, conscience doth make cowards of us all." Then a new thought sprang into his mind. "I could work a bluff. I could carry out my original plan until I reached the door. I could slam the door, and insert the padlock. That would hold him, and I could run for it. If he escapes and pursues me, of course he'll be enraged and will probably try to shoot me. In that case, I would be justified in shooting him. Certainly I have a right to escape if I can."

"A penny for your thoughts," Jerry suddenly exclaimed, looking straight at him with his little steely eyes.

"Oh!" said Willie, stammering, "they're—not—worth—a—penny."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Oh! a lot of things—rats—squirrels—you—and home."

"What did you think about me?"

"I was wondering how fast you could run."

"Ha! ha!!" laughed Jerry. "I can run fast as a hound."

"What kind of a hound?"

"A lame hound," and Jerry shrieked with laughter.

Willie's mind was quickly made up, but he had not fully reckoned the consequences. Jerry stooped for an instant to pick up a piece of wood for the stove, and when he raised his head he was looking into the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot-gun.

"Pitch me the key of this lock at once," cried Willie, "or you're a dead man."

Jerry looked surprised for an instant, drew himself up to his full height, then deliberately sitting down, he titled his chair back and shrieked with laughter.

"You durn fool kid," he yelled, "there ain't nothin' in that gun."

Willie's bluff had been called. As quick as lightning he threw the lever, and, sure enough, the gun was empty. You could see the daylight through it. Disgusted, Willie closed the gun with a snap, Jerry laughing like a hyena. Then, as suddenly, his mood changed. The primal instinct of the aboriginal savage asserted itself. He rose from the chair, his face purpled with rage, his big, hairy hands twitched nervously, he swung his ungainly bulk from side to side, while his little eyes gleamed cruelly.

"So," he hissed, "you would shoot me down like a dog, hey? You toad—you snake," and his right hand flew to his hip pocket. There was a flash of steel, followed by a deafening report. At the same instant, by an instinct of self-preservation, Willie jumped aside, throwing his whole weight against the chain which held him. Then, something happened. With a crack the beam to which he was stapled gave way, thus depriving one of the ceiling beams of its support. The ceiling beam dropped squarely on Jerry's head. That worthy dropped to the floor like a felled ox, with a cart-load of dirt from the ceiling on top of him. He lay there stunned, unconscious. As quick as the lightning leaps from cloud to cloud, Willie saw his opportunity. He gave his cot a jerk and the beam fell free. Lifting it upon his right shoulder, Willie climbed the ladder and drew the beam through the open door. He took one glance at Jerry. The villain lay still. Closing the door, he slipped the padlock into the staple, and shouldering his fifteen-foot beam he staggered off into the forest.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE—In the May Liguorian: "A Dreadful Day."

Persons who would think it rank folly to take a drug and, only after having swallowed it, ask whether it was poison, seem to see no foolishness in eating meat or taking three full meals on a certain day and, only after they have done so, asking whether it was a day of fast and abstinence.

The Russian government has decorated a Sister of Mercy in recognition of her bravery. She remained alone with the wounded soldiers in a hospital that was in the very center of the enemy's fire. More than that she ventured outside, secured horses and wagons, helped the wounded soldiers into them, and thus saved them from falling prisoners. ✓

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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A TRUE STORY

Before his consecration as first Bishop of Davenport, Iowa, Rt. Rev. John McMullen was pastor of a large parish in Chicago. It was while he occupied this post that the following remarkable incident occurred.

One cold winter's night—it is almost forty years ago now—Father McMullen was still at work in his study, though the hour was after midnight, when the silence of the house was broken by the ringing of the door-bell. As the rest of the household had retired, the good pastor himself went to the door. He found there a young man whose appearance and speech betokened a gentleman, well educated and refined.

"Father," said the latter, "you are wanted for a young woman who is dying. She is conscious and will be able to receive Holy Communion. I'll accompany you to the place and bring you home again."

Father McMullen brought the young man into the parlor, donned his overcoat, got the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils, and in a few moments they were on their way to the home of the dying person. After walking many blocks they arrived at a large house where the young man stopped. Opening the door he led the priest up three flights of steps to a corner room. Father McMullen entered the room while his companion remained outside in the hall.

A glance around the room showed the priest that everything was clean and neatly arranged and that all the necessary preparations had been made for the sick call. He heard the confession of the sick girl and then called in his companion who recited the Confiteor and answered the prayers as Holy Communion was administered. During all this the priest had noticed that the sick person did not at all seem to be in such imminent danger as the young man had led him to believe. However, at the latter's urgent request and in order to be on the safe side, he administered Extreme Unction. Then he prepared to go. But again the young man interfered.

"Father," he urged, "please stay and say the prayers for the dying."

At this Father McMullen was somewhat vexed. He, an old and experienced priest, need not be reminded of his duty by this young

man. And the sick girl did not appear to be at the point of death. However, he yielded to the urging, and, kneeling at the bedside and with the young man making the proper responses, he recited the beautiful prayers of the Church for the departing soul. Scarcely had he finished when to his intense surprise the girl gasped and died. We can imagine that Father McMullen was glad that he had granted the young man's requests. After breathing a few prayers for the departed soul, the priest made ready and started home. Again the young man accompanied him.

They had scarcely gone a couple of blocks along the deserted streets when the priest was accosted by a policeman with whom he was acquainted.

"Why, Father Mac," said the policeman, "what on earth are you doing on the streets at this hour of the night, and in this part of the city, and alone?"

"I've been on a sick call to a poor young girl who just died," replied the priest. "And besides, I have not been alone. This young man has accompanied me."

"What young man?" enquired the officer.

The priest turned and was amazed to find that his former companion had disappeared.

"Well, that's strange," he exclaimed. "A fine young fellow called for me and was bringing me back home. He was with me till just this moment."

"Father," said the policeman, "you must have been dreaming. I saw you coming when you were a block away, and not a soul was with you. Where did this sick person live, Father?"

The priest mentioned the street and the number of the house.

"Good Heavens, Father! You don't mean to say you were in that place. Why, that is a den of infamy. We must look into this if there is some one dead there. Will you go back with me, Father?"

The policeman blew his whistle and was soon joined by two more blue-coats. After a few words of explanation to the new-comers, the little party made their way back to the house the priest had left just a short time before. The policeman opened the door and they walked in. Father McMullen could scarcely believe his ears and eyes. The place seemed a veritable hell. On every side were cursing and swearing and vile language, whiskey and beer bottles, half-dressed men and women, and all the signs of drunkenness and debauchery. The police

enquired as to the identity of the dead person, and were answered that there was no one dead or sick in the house. The priest began to fear that he had brought his companions to the wrong house, but at their suggestion he led the way up the stairs to the corner room. He opened the door. Again he could scarcely believe his senses. The room was unspeakably squalid. But there on a miserable bed in the corner, covered with filthy rags, lay the body of the girl whom he had prepared for death not more than half an hour earlier.

The police secured what information they could and once more the priest left the house, this time scarcely able to speak for wonder and astonishment. When he had been at the place the first time he had not seen a soul nor heard a sound nor did it appear that any one had seen him. It all seemed like a bad dream—only there on the wretched bed in the corner room lay the body of the dead girl.

The policemen returned to their beats and the priest to his home. But the remembrance of that night never left him. In after years, the Bishop often related the story. "My only explanation," he used to say, "is that the young man was the poor girl's Guardian Angel and that he arranged everything."

A Catholic soldier looks upon his escape at the battle of Mons as a miracle brought about by his rosary. He was wearing the rosary around his neck when a shell burst near him, a fragment carrying away the rosary, but leaving the soldier unharmed, and when he put his hand up to his throat he found a miraculous medal of Our Lady still pressed against his breast though unattached to any chain.

Lord Kitchener called at the convent in Carlisle place recently and said: "Reverend Mother, can you let me have immediately a hundred Nuns as nurses for the front?" The good Mother considered for a moment and then declared that she could. Arrangements were made at once to have the Nuns depart for the war within a week. It is said that Kitchener would gladly take Nuns to do all the nursing in the battlefield, if he could get them.

To say the least the President has been most unfortunate in his choice of Agents in Mexico. Hale, Lind, and Silliman make up a trinity of unfitness which it would be difficult to duplicate.—*Monitor* (N. J.)

=====	Pointed Paragraphs	=====
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WHAT EASTER IS TO US

St. Paul tells us that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the one unshaken base upon which our whole faith rests.

Jesus Christ, after being shamefully tortured and put to death, rose from the dead, glorious and immortal. This is as certain as any fact recorded in history. By rising from the dead, He proved that He is God. Since He is God, the Church He founded must be the true Church, and the words He said must be likewise true. But the Church that He founded is the Catholic Church, and He said that He would be with it until the end of time and that the gates of hell would never prevail against it.

Therefore, Catholic reader, your course lies plain before you. When the Church teaches you what to believe and what to do in order to be saved, you know that the teaching is true. Thank God that you have been called to the one true Church. Be loyal to the Church. So live that your conduct may convert others to it. Pray fervently that all men who are wandering in the darkness, striving vainly by the deceitful light of their own weak minds to reason out from the dry written word the true system of belief and practice—pray that they may speedily come into the security and peace of the Catholic Church, founded by Jesus Christ, who proved His Godhead by rising from the dead, glorious and immortal, on Easter Sunday morning.

GOD'S WAY

The anti-Catholic crusade grows in hate and bitterness day by day. A priest or a sister cannot go on the street without being shunned as a degenerate or a monster. Lay Catholics have lost their life-long friends and have been ostracised in their own neighborhood. They have been denied employment, defeated for office, refused promotion, because they are Catholics. It is persecution—nothing less! True history must record that a persecution against the Catholic Church was raging in the United States in the year of Our Lord, 1915!

The effects of this persecution are plainly visible. Where? In

our churches. When? During Lenten services. Never, in the remembrance of the oldest American priest, did such immense crowds flock to the churches, in every state in the union, to assist at the Lenten sermons or the Way of the Cross. The hard times in our own country and the war in Europe have contributed towards this happy result, but persecution has been the predominating cause. "Blessed are you when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake; be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." Again: "The servant is not greater than his master; if they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." The continued persecutions to which Catholics have been subjected for nineteen hundred years furnish a striking proof that Jesus is their Master, and they are His disciples.

OFFENCE'S DAINTY HAND MAY SLIP BY JUSTICE

Right reason and divine revelation, learned with absolute certainty from God's unerring Church, are the only two safe and solid bases upon which to rest all true principles of right and wrong, all enduring systems of government and sociology. The people of this country are fast rejecting these two solid bases to build upon the crumbling foundation of sentimentality. The fairest structure reared upon such treacherous ground is doomed speedily to fall to ruins.

Take for an instance in point one of our most boasted institutions, an institution for which our forefathers shed their blood—trial by jury. Listen to the line of argument followed by the lawyers who plead before a jury, listen to the verdicts handed down by the jury. How often will you not find that the eternal principles of right and wrong, dictated by reason and sanctioned by divine revelation, are cast to the winds for some sentimental rot like "the unwritten law", "brain storm", "affinity", "inherited depravity"! The abuse has already proceeded so far that Mr. Malato, assistant State Attorney of Illinois, after seeing seventeen women charged with murder, successively acquitted by a Chicago jury, said: "It is absolutely impossible to convict a woman of murder in Cook County. Any kind of woman can kill at her pleasure. It doesn't matter whether she is a good woman or a bad woman, a housewife or a vampire from the streets, jurors refuse to make her answer for her crime. She can go into court with the blood stains on

her hands, weep a few tears, cast a few wistful glances at the jurors, and she will be acquitted."

JOY AMONG THE ANGELS

By describing the warm welcome accorded to the Prodigal Son on his return to his father's house, Our Divine Saviour shows how there will be joy among the angels of God over one sinner that doth penance.

The angels of earth are the innocent children. In many a church on Easter Day a devoted child will taste for the first time in its young life the joy of seeing its father at the Holy Table. It will see in this the answer to the prayer of years, the best Easter gift that God could give. It will feel that the dark cloud which had long overshadowed the home because "Father doesn't go to the sacraments", has been dispelled by the bright sunlight of God's grace. Look at that innocent child nestling close to its father at the Communion rail, while both father and child receive into their hearts the Risen God. Mark those pure lips moving in ardent prayer, those cheeks flushed with pleasure, those eyes flashing with triumph and softening with love, that frail figure quivering with suppressed emotion, then examine your own heart and see if you have not gained a deeper understanding of the words, "There shall be joy among the angels of God over one sinner that doth penance."

"FORGIVE US AS WE FORGIVE"

"Our Father . . . forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." So we daily pray. But honestly now, do we mean it? Do we want Our Father in heaven to forgive us in the same way that we forgive those that trespass against us? Take for instance the millions that are trespassing against us in the present war (whether we are Allies or the Germans by ties of blood and kindred, we feel that the nations on the opposite side are trespassing against us). Now do we want God to forgive us as we forgive them? Do we want Him to read only what stands written in the books against us, and nothing that is written in our favor? Do we want Him to take all the testimony of our enemies as Gospel truth, and all the testimony of our friends as hypocritical lies, and judge us accordingly?

Why not treat others as we hope to be treated by God? By

"others" I mean, not only individual persons, but those collections of persons that make up the nations of the world. Why not try to be honest and fair and unprejudiced and *merciful* in our judgments of them as we trust God will be in His judgments of us? We are followers of Christ, but when Christ said, "Love one another", "Unless you forgive, every one your brother from your heart", He did not limit the application of these words to the "brother" that speaks my language or lives on my side of a certain boundary line. It would be instructive, if humiliating, to look at the matter squarely and acknowledge how little, how pitifully little, we, even the best of us, are guided by clear, cool reasoning, and judicial fairness when we set ourselves to pass judgment on a controversy between our own and some other nationality. Would that we had at least enough of the spirit of Christ to acknowledge our unfairness and ask pardon for our rash judgments! "Judge not, and thou shalt not be judged", holds good even in war time. War is sometimes lawful; hatred never! They say the men in the trenches, whose minds, in the awful presence of death, become better able to see the truth, do not hate the soldier in the opposing trench. They do not see in him a bully or a barbarian, but a brave, honest fellow-man, risking his life for what he sincerely believes to be the cause of right. Invulnerable prejudice and unreasoning hate are generally restricted to those who are snugly housed far from the danger zone.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

"Noblesse Oblige." That's French. If you're writing a novel, you can make it mean almost anything you like. Literally, however, it is translated thus, "If you were able to buy a \$95 Easter bonnet, don't pass any covert remarks about the scarecrow effect of the skimpy things that sell for \$2.50." Or it may, with equal exactness, be translated thus, "If you are able to ride in an automobile, don't be too zealous in trying to impress upon the rest of mankind that they are dust and into dust they shall return."

CROWDS

City governments are at last awakening to the fact that the jamming together of a promiscuous mass of humanity in our surface and

elevated cars, besides being uncomfortable, unhealthy, unsafe, is actually immoral. They will legislate against the immorality. But, here as elsewhere, moral legislation is as powerless as unconfined steam unless individuals wish to be moral. Immoral crowding, under the specious plea of confined space, is not limited to rush-hour street cars where it cannot be avoided. It is noticed wherever there is a crowd, even when it is not at all necessary for those who honestly wish to avoid it. No one would wonder that degenerates take advantage of this, as of every other occasion, to pander to the passion that rules their life, but what must we think of the number of respectable young men, aye, and young women, who are guilty of unnecessary immodest crowding! They lull an unquiet conscience with the soothing "it can't be helped". Were they truthful with their own conscience they would admit that they crowd strangers or allow themselves to be crowded by strangers, not because it is unavoidable, but because of a baser motive.

WITH APOLOGIES TO AESOP

A lion lay sleeping in the sunlight. Swarms of vermin looked out from under a rotting plank and saw him. "There he is—the Arch Plotter!" they cried. "With all his inborn cunning, trickery, and deceit, he is hatching a secret plot to ruin all the poor, innocent vermin in the land!" They made such a fuss that the lion awoke. He had never thought of the vermin before; he did not wish to think of them now. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep; their charges and recriminations kept him awake. He turned his head aside; he could not shut out the din of their campaign against "the encroachments of the tyrant". At last he lost his patience; bounding up he struck the rotting plank a blow with his powerful forepaw, and there was not enough left of the vermin to show that they had ever existed.

The anti-Catholic bigots give us no rest, charging us with ambitious projects which had never so much as entered our imagination. Far from wishing to interfere in any way with their liberties or their rights, we turn away and try to forget them. They, with their resolutions, their campaigns, their parties, will not allow us to forget them. They can carry this petty persecution to excess, they can go too far with us. Some day the lion will lose his patience, and then the bigot "will get his'n".

HEAVEN'S FLOOR.

An American daily that has, as American dailies go, a high moral tone, publishes on its editorial page, without a word of condemnation, a "Suicide's Poem", wherein the self-murderer goes into a fine frenzy at the thought of the enchantment that awaits him "on heaven's floor".

Is it not high time to call a halt to this kind of thing in publications that have the power of forming the opinions and beliefs of our people? With our suicides already so numerous as to be a scandal to the world, and multiplying from year to year, is it not high time to take would-be suicides off the "heaven's floor" diet and treat them to a little of "Hell's Floor"? Barbarous language! you say. It will jar the harmonious rhythm in the souls of our twentieth-century supermen and superwomen to touch on such a vulgar theme as hell. So it would, then! Who are we to deny the fact? Yet even so we would persist and humbly suggest that when we have come to such a pass that every school girl that discovers a pimple on her pretty nose and every youth that receives a paternal spanking contemplates suicide, it is high time to cease holding out the sanction of "Heaven's Floor" to the perpetrators of the most cowardly and unnatural of crimes.

A CATHOLIC DAILY PRESS.

We are gratified to see the Catholic papers enthusiastically taking up the movement which the *Liguorian* has championed from the beginning—a Catholic Daily Press. No thinking man that considers what effect the constant reading of American dailies will have upon the faith and morals of our people, can doubt the necessity of a Catholic Daily Press. That point once agreed upon the whole question is settled. We need such a press; therefore we will have it. For the American Catholic there is no such word as "Can't". Once convinced that a thing is necessary, he forthwith proceeds to secure it. Here, dear reader, is your opportunity of doing a work of lasting good to your co-religionists. Help to secure for them the great boon of a Catholic Daily Press by convincing them of its necessity. Become a booster! Talk Catholic Press to your friends in season and out of season! Thus the demand will be created. Once the demand is evident, the supply will be promptly forthcoming.

During one of the numerous wars waged two centuries ago by France a strange scene took place near Salúzzo, a disputed outpost, which well illustrates the religious spirit which often prevailed among the soldiers of earlier times.

The French approached the besiegers' lines, and both armies were arranged for a conflict. The sun shone from a cloudless sky; every detail in each array on the field was visible to the other, and both were beheld at once from the citadel.

There were three French marshals present, and it was Shomberg's turn to command. He drew up his 20,000 men in four lines, with skirmishers in front, and the regular cavalry were placed at certain intervals ready to charge.

In this impressive order and in absolute silence the French advanced until nearly within cannon shot, when at a signal the army was halted and simultaneously knelt down to pray. Then followed the order to attack, which was silently and cheerfully obeyed.

The battle was not to be however, for Mazami, amid a volley of musketry, suddenly appeared, rode at a gallop between the armies and stayed the incipient fight by bringing acceptable terms of peace—*Washington Star*.

A French officer writes home to his mother: "Sent with five men to reconnoitre in a wood, we came across an Uhlan officer with two men, who were dismounted, studying a map by the light of an electric lamp. We charged them with the bayonet. The two men were killed and the officer severely wounded. I went to him and found him a handsome figure of a man with a face like marble. Lying in a pool of his own blood, he murmured words which at first I could not understand, but I gradually gathered their meaning. He said that he was a Pole and a Catholic and tried to pull from his pocket a rosary and an image of our Lady and the Infant Jesus. Having placed my men at their posts, I went back to him and made him understand and lifted up his rosary. Seeing what he wanted, I recited a decade, and he answered feebly and more feebly in German, after which he raised the beads to his lips and kissed them several times. Then I had to go back to my men. So I put the rosary and image in his hands and left him. Next morning, on my way back to the trenches, I found him lying dead just as I had left him."

	Catholic Events	
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In a private audience granted to Bishop Kennedy, the Holy Father expressed deep gratitude to the American people for the aid they afford him in their generous offerings of Peter's Pence.

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The late Mrs. Elizabeth O'Connor of New York, left \$80,000 to Catholic charities.

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A well known Congregationalist Minister of London, Rev. Reginald Campbell, urges that the Pope should call a council of the Christian Churches of the world to put an end to the war. After saying that there is a precedent for this in the fact that Protestants were summoned to the Council of Trent, he adds, "who knows but that if they had accepted the invitation, the scandal of a divided Christendom might have been averted".

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Cardinal Tecchi died at Rome, Feb. 7, at the age of 61.

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Anti-Catholic agitators are making efforts to prevent the Indians from using their tribal moneys, derived by treaty from the U. S., for the education of their children in the schools of their own choice.

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With the approbation of Cardinal Farley there has been formed, by Catholic laymen of New York, a Catholic Big Brothers' Society for the care of Catholic boys who come into the children's court.

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Father Dempsey, of St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis, is having a noon Mass every day during Lent for the convenience of the working people in his parish.

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More than 13,000 persons in Italy signed the petition to have the hospitals placed in charge of the Religious Orders. Many of the hospitals were founded by the Religious Orders and afterwards confiscated by the government.

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According to the latest census, China has a Catholic population of 1,509,944. The self-sacrificing Priests, Brothers, and Sisters working in that great field are suffering great hardships for want of financial help since the outbreak of the war.

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The first novitiate in Alaska has just been established. It belongs to the Ursuline Sisters working among the Eskimos.

In the Denver cathedral 14,027 hours were spent in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament last year. While we can record such facts as these there is still hope of staying God's vengeance against a sinful world.

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Dean West, of Princeton University, in a lecture to the public school teachers of Omaha, Feb. 8, said: "The Catholic Church schools, in the East at least, are superior to the public schools in their teaching of the children."

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A French commander recently called for volunteers to rescue wounded men lying before the German trenches. The undertaking was so perilous that all, even the bravest, hesitated. Eleven priests volunteered, and then the party, consisting of 26 men, was soon made up.

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All the native Catholic clergy of Mexico City are held by General Obregon for half a million pesos ransom. When asked what he would do if they could not pay, "Hang them," replied the General, with a hearty laugh!!!

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March 2, members of an anarchistic gang were arrested in the act of lighting a bomb in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York. There were several hundred worshippers present at the time.

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The Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth have just received a Papal Decree of Approbation of the Institute and Constitutions.

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Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., has been chosen to deliver the "Ode to Indiana" at the Panama Exposition.

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St. Louis will have a Cathedral choir consisting of 80 boys and 50 men.

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The new chapel car, St. Paul, was dedicated in New Orleans, March 14, by Cardinal Gibbons, in the presence of a large number of priests and prelates and an immense crowd of lay people.

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March 2, Mother Philomene, of the Sisters of Mercy, died at New Orleans. She was for many years connected with the Newsboys' Home, and all the poor lads who sought refuge there unite in affirming that she always showed them more than a mother's tenderness and love.

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The Chicago Tribune apologized to its readers for publishing, even as paid advertisements, the sermons of Pastor Russell, of No-Hell Notoriety.

The Catholic Organists of America will hold their annual convention in Baltimore during Easter week. The main objects of the organization are to promote liturgical music in accordance with the requirements of Pius X. and to foster friendship among the members.

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The North American College at Rome has lent its summer villa to Holy Father as a temporary home for earthquake orphans.

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An enormous mass of correspondence is coming daily to the Vatican, thanking the Holy Father for securing the exchange of wounded prisoners and asking him to try to find news of soldiers who have not been heard from. The Pope has been obliged to institute a special office to attend to this matter.

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According to the Catholic Directory for 1915 there are 16,309,310 Catholics in the United States. Very nearly half of the entire number are found in the four states of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Massachusetts.

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It is estimated that 2500 Knights of Columbus made the mid-March retreat in Cleveland.

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Cincinnati has just completed a four million dollar Catholic hospital.

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Rev. Benedict Neithart, one of the Pioneer Redemptorist Missionaries, died in Chicago, March 9, at the age of 75 years.

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Over 800 Denver women give a considerable part of their time to sewing, the making of vestments and altar lines for poor churches in the West.

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There were 7,000 conversions to the faith in England during 1914.

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The Institute for Biblical research in Jerusalem from which so much was hoped for, has been closed on account of the war. Thanks to the earnest representations made to the Turkish officials, the European priests in charge were allowed to leave the country unmolested.

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The aged Emperor of Austria, in a circular letter to all the children of the empire says: "As you, dear children, stand nearest to God, your Emperor and King asks you to pray that He may bless us and grant His grace to our cause."

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Right Rev. J. J. Fox, for 11 years bishop of Green Bay, died recently in Chicago.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign Questions with name and address.)

Do I break my fast for Holy Communion by tasting the milk for the baby to see whether it is sour?

You certainly do not if you spit out the milk after you have tasted it even though you should accidentally swallow a drop or two mixed with your saliva. Anything taken as food or drink breaks the fast before communion. Hence it is not broken by accidentally inhaling a flake of snow with the breath or swallowing a drop of fluid that got mixed with one's saliva. In fact theologians declare that a patient, who has to have his stomach washed out by a doctor, does not break his fast, precisely because the water necessary for the purpose is not taken as drink.

My mother taught me when a child to recommend myself to God when retiring at night by making the letters I. N. R. I. on my forehead with holy water. Though I have been quite faithful to this practice I have never seen it recommended in books of devotion and so I thought I would ask you about it.

This is a beautiful practice said to be founded on a private revelation whereby many Catholics keep the passion and death of their Savior before them and place themselves in His care for time and eternity.

I long to join a certain Community, but I have to care for my parents. What shall I do?

Rest assured that for the time being God wishes you to take care of your parents and thereby to prepare yourself for future graces. If later on your parents no longer need your help God will let you know by the inspiration of His grace and the voice of your director what will be most conducive to His glory and the sanctification of your soul.

Is Hall Caine a Catholic? Are his statements in "the Eternal City" about the Pope true?

Hall Caine is not a Catholic. He is a third class writer with socialistic tendencies. The Eternal City was conceived in a mind ignorant of the relig-

ious, political, and social conditions of Italy. It has no foundation in fact, and its treatment of the Pope is unchristian, ungently and untrue.

How can I convince myself that I have a soul?

Let us hope that you are not like Thomas, the doubting disciple, who refused to accept the resurrection of his Master until he had seen Him with his own eyes and touched His wounds with his own hands. If you are a Catholic you must believe it as an article of faith. Even if you are only a materialist with a grain of common sense you can easily convince yourself provided you are honest. For the truth that man has an immortal soul is taught not only by Revelation, but also by the testimony of reason, by the aspirations of every human heart, as well as by the universal consent of mankind.

What is the difference between faith and belief?

According to the Catechism Faith is a supernatural gift of God which enables us to believe readily whatever He the Eternal Truth has revealed and the Catholic Church teaches. According to this definition Faith is the power, and Belief the act of accepting all that God has revealed. As a figure of speech Faith is often used instead of Revelation or the teaching of the Church and Belief as our understanding and acceptance of the same.

Why do some persons have a hard agony while others die without a struggle?

Four reasons may be alleged in explanation of this peculiarity: The physical condition of the sick person. A young person, physically strong, would naturally have a harder struggle dying of pneumonia than another, whose physical strength had been eaten away by a lingering disease, and who would pass from stupor to death. Secondly, the moral condition of a person may intensify his agony. For surely one haunted by the memory of past sins, and inordinately attached to this fleeting life would find death harder

than another at peace with God and reconciled to His holy will. Then God often permits persons to suffer to the end here in a special manner as the last invitation of His mercy to the sinner, and as a purifying and transforming grace to the elect. Finally, the family physician, if he has no religion but is actuated by humanitarian ideas will often drug his patient so that he will pass from insensibility to death with the calmness of an innocent child. By treating patients in this way an ignorant physician may not only deprive them of the consolations of religion but even of their last chance to merit life everlasting.

I often dream of my parents who died seven years ago. Do you think they are still in purgatory? What do we know about purgatory?

Your parents no doubt filled an important part in your daily life while they were on earth so that your memory naturally reverts to them from time to time both when you are asleep and when you are awake. You say they were good simple folk who lived devout lives and had the consolations of their religion in the hour of death. Pious persons who die in resignation to God's holy will and gain the plenary indulgence for a happy death go to heaven without even passing through purgatory. As we can not easily know the disposition of a soul at the last moment it is ever "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead". If our own relatives and friends do not need our help there are other souls in purgatory that will profit by our prayers. Besides, we profit directly by this devotion for it has a spiritualizing influence on our daily life. Then, too, if we pray for the dead that have died in the Lord, they will pray for us and become our intercessors before the throne of God's mercy, and, according to the promise of our Saviour in the Gospel, we may expect to have our devotion rewarded, if not by escaping purgatory entirely, at least by having our stay in it shortened. It is a doctrine of the Catholic Church that there is a place in the next world where those who die in the friendship of God may atone for the temporal punishment still due to their sins. This has also been the belief of the Jews of old. Both our Savior and St. Paul refer to this place of purgation but define nothing definite in regard to the

nature of its suffering. It is a common opinion, however, that the souls in purgatory and those in hell share the same suffering, though the souls in purgatory are as certain of heaven as the others are that their tortures will never end.

Why is the "Asperges" not given on Holydays as on Sundays?

The law of the Church prescribes the Asperges only for the *conventual* Mass on Sundays. Custom has introduced it into the *parochial* Mass on Sundays in all our parishes.

A priest had his thumb shot off in the war and wept because he could say Mass no longer. Can that be true?

No priest can say Mass who has lost his thumb or index finger unless he obtains a special dispensation from the Holy Father. The priest is allowed to touch the Sacred Host with the thumb and index finger alone and no one can easily obtain permission to celebrate Mass without them.

In the picture of the tenth station in our church a soldier carries a banner with the inscription S. P. Q. R. What does it mean?

S. P. Q. R. stand for "Senatus Populusque Romanus", the Roman Senate and People. This was a catchy motto devised by the politicians of the Roman Republic to strike the fancy of the common people and win the votes of those who were practically treated as chattels. It was intended to convey the idea that the supreme authority was vested in the senate and the *people* who elected the senators. This motto was retained even after the Empire succeeded the Roman Republic.

Why do Catholics not choose their own minister like other denominations?

Other denominations are merely human corporations, whereas the Catholic Church is divine in its origin, constitution and government. Other denominations derive their authority only from man, but the authority in the Catholic Church has come down through succeeding ages from Jesus Christ, who said to His Apostles: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Matt. 28, 18.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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The Vatican. Its History, Its Treasures is itself a treasure. There seems to be little at the Vatican that has escaped notice, and each department has been given to a person presumably very capable of treating his subject. The book is expensive but not too expensive considering the get up and value of the knowledge given. It is a standard on the subject and should be on the shelves of each of our parish libraries. Published by Letters and Arts Publishing Co., New York. Price, \$10.00.

Our Catholics generally are learning to take a deeper interest in the liturgical prayers of Holy Church. Those who wish to follow the services of Holy Week will find of great utility *The Holy Week Book*, compiled by Authority from the Roman Missal and Breviary as Reformed by Order of His Holiness Pius X. It is sold by B. Herder. Price, 30c.

There are quite a few new pamphlets (to be had for 5c or 10c at any Catholic book store) that are well worth reading, viz: *Mater Dolorosa* by the late Canon Sheehan, full of beautiful thoughts on Our Blessed Mother; *The Trappists* by J. A. Glynn, a brief history of this remarkable Order; *Book, Bell, and Candle*, by Father Thurston, S. J., a study of excommunication and anathemas; *Why Catholic Workmen Should Not Be Socialists*, a clear argument to the serious minded.

We have just read the first number of *The Catholic Choirmaster*, the official bulletin of the Society of St. Gregory of America, and we give this publication a hearty welcome. The Society of St. Gregory is an organization established for the advancement of the cause of sacred music in accord with the reform of the late Holy Father, Pius X, in his *Motu Proprio* of Nov. 22, 1903. *The Catholic Choirmaster* is one of the means which the society has taken up to further its cause. The principal features of the bulletin are papers by leading authorities on all phases of church music, items of interest that keep one in touch

with the work of reform, a review of musical works, and a list of approved compositions. All who are interested in the work of reform in sacred music are eligible to membership in the society. The dues are fixed at \$1.00 a year; this includes subscription to the "Bulletin" which will be issued at intervals throughout the year. Single copies of *The Catholic Choirmaster* cost 10c. Address Brother Berchmans, Station D, Baltimore, Md.

"*Poems*," by Rob't Hugh Benson, is another proof of his restless activity. The first few pages of the book are taken up with a brief but very appreciative sketch of Fr. Benson's life. From this sketch we glean some ideas of the unwearying energy of Fr. Benson; how he fearlessly brushed aside every obstacle when there was question of his Master's service; how generously he sacrificed himself for others; how, in a word, he was the good servant going about the highways and byways calling the poor to the feast of his Lord. Such a heart was indeed a sanctuary of love. How ardent and glowing was that love for his Master, he has told us, unwittingly we think, in "*Poems*." In them we hear the hymns and chantings of a noble heart whose every beat was a pulsation of praise. The poems are simple and unaffected; the glad bursts of an undivided heart. "Visions of the Night," "The Priest's Lament," "In the Garden of a Religious House," are very pretty. The last few pages are occupied by a few lines from the pen of Cannon Sharrock, recounting the last moments and death of Fr. Benson. "God's Will be done!" his last prayer, summarizes a life spent nobly, generously, and unremittently in the service of the Master he loved in life and in Whom he rests in death. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 44 Barclay St., N. Y. 75c.

Simpson gallantly escorted his Boston hostess to the table.

"May I," he asked, "sit on your right hand?"

"No," she replied, "I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."

	Lucid Intervals	
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Willie and Tommy are two Michigan youngsters who are pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place between them:

"Aw," said Willie, tauntingly, "you're afraid t' fight—that's wat it is."

"Naw, I ain't," protested Tommy, stoutly, "but if I fight my ma'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' t' your house."

John, whose father was a baker, was in the habit of bringing his teacher a fresh pretzel each day.

"I wish you would tell your father not to make them quite so salty," she once said, laughingly.

Thereafter, the shiny, brown delicacy—always minus the salt—was found frequently on her desk. "It is very kind of your father to make one on purpose for me," she told him.

"Oh!" was the startling reply. "He don't make them this way. I lick the salt off!"

A suburban chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man rushed into his shop and said excitedly:

"Give me another half pound of your powder, quick please."

"Oh" remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order, "I'm glad you like the powder. Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer. "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound he'll die."

Home study for Tommy had just begun and he found it hard to apply himself to regular hours. At bedtime one evening his father said: "Tommy, I am not at all pleased with the report your mother gives me of your conduct today."

"No, father, I knowed you wouldn't be, and I told her so. But she went right ahead an' made th' report. Jest like a woman, ain't it?"

"Can you keep anything on your stomach?" the ship's doctor asked.

"No, sir," he returned feebly, "nothing but my hand."

When the small boy of the family needed a new pair of trousers Mother thought it would be nice to let him choose the kind he wanted. So when they got to the clothier's she said to him: "Now, Willie, you may choose from these pants on the counter any pair you like."

"Gee, here's my choice, ma," said Willie. "See the card?"

It read: "These pants can't be beaten."

"Did you make those biscuits, dear?" asked the young husband.

"Yes, darling."

"Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart."

"Why not, my love?"

"Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work."

Small Girl: Why doesn't baby talk, father?

Father: He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do.

Small Girl: Oh, yes, they do. Job did. Nurse read to me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born!

Willie, accompanied by father and mother, was crossing the ocean. Father and mother were both very seasick, but Willie was immune. Throughout the trip he had been annoying the passengers. Finally his mother, turning to the father, said, in a very weak voice, gasping between each word: "Father—I wish—you'd—speak—to—Willie."

Father, turning a sea-green face toward that rampant youngster, spoke in a languid voice: "How-de-do, Willie?"

"Bobby, my son," exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet. "Haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?"

"Yes, mother," said the boy cheerfully, "and this is the place."